

**CORN-SHUCKING SONG.**

Shuck erlong, niggirs, shuck dis co'n!  
 Dar's mennu er bar'l in dis ya pile;  
 Dar's mennu er rashin, sho's yo bo'n.  
 Ter feed all de han's wid arter 'wile.  
 Luk at Susing, dat fat gal!  
 Whar she git dat ballymeral?  
 Mus' er got hit fum ole Miss Sal.  
 Shuck erlong, shuck dis co'n.

**CHORUS.**

Shuck a ruck a shuck! shuck a ruck a shuck!  
 Pars dat tickler down dis way.  
 Shuck a ruck a shuck! shuck a ruck a shuck!  
 Ain' gwine home ez long ez I stay.

Hayr dat bo' pig how he squeal!  
 Wishin fo' de slops ter-morrer mo'n;  
 Ef he hatter got in dat dere fiel'  
 Niggers, we'd neber bin shukin' dis co'n.

Luk at Moses, how he grin!  
 Ain' nuffin ob him but de wool an' chin;  
 Mouf ez big ez dat co'n bin.  
 Shuck erlong, shuck dis co'n.

**CHORUS.**

Shuck a ruck a shuck! shuck a ruck a shuck!  
 Pars dat tickler down dis way.  
 Shuck a ruck a shuck! shuck a ruck a shuck!  
 Ain' gwine home ez long ez long ez I stay.

**It Surprised the Yankee but Ticked the Cowboys.**

The stranger from Massachusetts who entered a little cowboy town in Texas at the close of an intensely hot day recently, wore a high silk hat of the latest fashion. He strode down Main street with a sweet smile playing over his fair countenance and his cane cutting the air like the rapier of a French duelist. He stopped half way down the street to watch the gambels of a herd of Texas steers. While thus engaged a gang of cowboys, who were passing on the other side of the street, caught sight of the high hat.

'Hello,' said one of the beef-teasers, 'there's a dude!'

'Yes,' replied a companion, 'and I'll bet drinks for the crowd that I can put a hole through the deer at the first shot.'

The wager was taken, and as cowboy No. 2 drew his fifteen inch revolver and aimed it at the hat, there was an ominous silence and the young man from Massachusetts still gazed with interest at the antics of the cattle.

'Bang! zip!' The wager has won. The bullet made a huge aperture through the polished hat, while its wearer, who had read much of Texas desperation and murderers, dashed away like a runaway horse. He thought the Texans were shooting to kill.'

'Hi, there, stranger! Hold on! Stop!' yelled the cowboys, and fearing a volley from behind, the Yankee halted and threw up his hands.

As the cowboys advanced, the one who made the successful shot remarked to the frightened fellow in a matter-of-fact way:

'What, d'yer run for? I won the bet, and as sure as h—l, partner, you're on this rounds of drinks, becuz you was a party to the transaction.' Then they irrigated, but it took two weeks for the man of culture to regain his healthy color.

—Beard, as a rule, will come to the sir face.

**What an Old Man Has Noticed.**

I have noticed that all men are honest when well watched.

I have noticed that diamonds, silks, furs, broadcloths, gold watches and chains are often bought with other people's money.

That there is more gratitude in dogs than there is in men.

That purses will hold nickles as well as gold.

That mock philanthropy is like giving a mermaid a pair of boots.

That sealskin saques and fine jewelry win more women than youth and beauty.

That the most enduring love is that of a mother for her children.

That nearly every office-seeker is the right man in the right place.

That christians, Mohammedans, Jews and Infidels, all worship one god. It is spelled G O L D.

That he that takes a bad woman by her word and an eel by its tail may be considered to hold nothing.

That most men choose a wife as a child does a doll, no matter if the head is filled with sawdust.

That poverty is the worst banner a man can put up.

That life is too short to give young men advise as to who they should marry.

That a handsome widow should be married, buried or put into a convent.

I have noticed that the absent one is always in the wrong.

**WHY SHE HAD NO FUR.**—The prettiest girl at a Saucelito picnic the other day was observed to act in a most inexplicable manner. She peremptorily refused to dance, swing, or climb the rocks after ferns. Later in the day she was found by another girl weeping bitterly under a bush.

'What on earth's the matter, Gussie?'

'Why, you see, Sophy,' sobbed the weeper. 'I can't have a good time, nor enjoy myself a bit. I started off in such a hurry this morning that I forgot to put on my other stockings.'

'Thus 'conscience doth make cowards of us all,' etc.

**A WIFE'S STRATEGY.**—'My dear,' said a young wife to her husband, who had already fallen into the habit of going to the lodge in the evening, and who was just preparing to go out, 'I am going up street to interview the superintendent of the postoffice this evening.'

'Ah! indeed; on what business, pray?'

'I want to see if he can give me any advice in regard to getting a habitually late male in on time.'

The husband blushed, pretended he was looking for a newspaper instead of his hat, and there was a member absent from the lodge that night.

'Ten dimes make one dollar,' said the schoolmaster. 'Now go on, sir. Ten dollars make one—what?' 'They make one mighty glad these times,' replied the boy.

—Postmaster General Gresham has been appointed secretary of treasury, vice Folger, deceased.

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Feb 8—3m

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